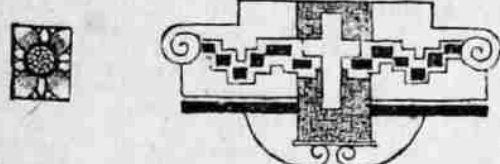


# IROQUOIS INDIAN MAIDEN MAY BE AMERICAN SAINT



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to Canonize  
Kateri  
Tegakwitha,  
"The Lily of the  
Mohawks," Who  
Lived 230 Years  
Ago

Catherine Tegakwitha, Lily of  
the Mohawks, Died 1680

THE most romantic and inspiring life story laid before the Pope since Jeanne d'Arc's claims of sanctity were considered by the Vatican is that of an Indian maiden, who soon may be America's first saint. The Bishops of the Councils of Baltimore and Montreal have petitioned and are praying for her canonization. The Jesuits of the United States are enlisted in her cause.

Kateri Tegakwitha—Catherine, who brings forth order—is the name of this Indian girl. The memory of her, fresh after 230 years, is one of the noblest legends of the Iroquois. It has been a power for good during the two centuries of that race's struggle for betterment, and to-day is held as a common heritage by Catholics of nearly every race. Her birthplace at Caughnawaga and her grave at Auriesville, New York, are shrines for whites and the Indians alike. Three thousand white pilgrims visited Auriesville last year. Tens of thousands believe in Tegakwitha's power of intercession with the Divine Being. Miracles are attributed to her.

According to the records, this Indian maid was a teacher, a guide, a ministering spirit among her people. She knew no fear. Persecutions and physical sufferings wrong from her no cry of complaint. Her philosophy was just and her precepts heroic. She taught her people there was but one God; that the same power that blessed the Mohawks let the sun also shine upon the Mohegans, their enemy; that the same hand dropped the rain upon their corn and drove the beaver, the marten and the deer into their hills and valleys.

She taught them that it was braver to free a foe than to torture him. She was gentle and shy and loving in peace, and in hours of danger no brave in all the Five Nations could look death in the face more placidly than she. Thus she finally won the hearts of her own people and the veneration of the white settlers of Northern New York. To the Canadians she is known as "the Genevieve of New France," and under that name many books have been written about her by the French. The Catholic Encyclopedia calls her "The Lily of the Mohawks." It is authority for the statement that her death was that of a saint and that devotion to her began to be manifested by her people immediately after she died and have continued during all of the generations since then.

**Birth of "The Lily."**

In 1656, when the Five Nations had sunk to the vilest debauchery of savagery, the Iroquois captured in battle a Christian Algonquin woman. She had been bound with bark and twigs and was about to be burned at the stake when the chief of the Turtle clan marked her stoicism. This quality appealed to his savage heart. As a chief he had a right to claim her and he took her to wife. Of this mating of barbaric captor and Christian slave was born in 1657 "The Lily of the Mohawks," whose spirit in a few short years was to turn the current of her race.

Smallpox swept the Mohawks when Tegakwitha was four years old and left her an orphan. An uncle succeeded her father in command of the Turtle clan and adopted the child. In the new chiefs household there was a wrinkled squaw named Anastasia, who assumed charge of the child's training. With the small bone of a deer ankle for a needle and sinews from that light footed animal, Tegakwitha learned to embroider the royal garments worn by the chiefs. She became so expert in this art that at the age of eight she was considered among the most valuable possessions of the tribe. It is recorded in the early mission reports that the child, dressed in the garment of her rank as a chief's daughter, was exhibited with much pride in tribal councils.

This picture of Tegakwitha, as she stood adorned for a state occasion, has been left by Cholenec, one of the Jesuit historians:

"The well oiled and smoothly parted hair was in two long, thick plaits that

reached below the waist. A fine chemise was met at the waist by a well trimmed petticoat reaching to the knee. Below this was the rich long leggings and the well fitted moccasins, the glory of the Iroquois belt. The neck and arms were loaded with beads. The tunic, which was stitched with practiced hand, was heavy with embroidery of porcupine quills and many beads. The manner of this girl was quiet and even shy, but there was a distinction in her bearing that spoke of the best that was in her race."

A how shot from the Long House where



Rene Goupil, Killed at Auriesville September 29, 1642.

Tegakwitha lived with her uncle, a clear cold spring bubbled and still bubbles through mossy stones near the root of a giant oak. This spring to-day is called Kateri spring, and the pilgrims who wander there believe the waters are blessed by the spirit of the Indian maid. In childhood it was her favorite spot, and as she grew older it was here that she studied and taught her people. It is recorded that when she was eight years old she was seated near the spring stitching a beaded belt for her uncle when she sighted the approach of the Mohegans, the most dreaded of all of the Mohawks' foes. She sounded the alarm. It was a cry which opened a terrific battle and in which the Mohawks were to prove victorious. It was the first warfare she had ever seen, and it filled her with horror.

Of the drunken debauches which always followed the trips down the lakes and rivers to the Dutch settlements, where the furs were traded for firewater, the girl knew little. Her fine nature had always shrunk from the excesses and the bestiality which marked these events. She would run to the aged Anastasia for protection and stop her ears to the sounds around her.

"It is her Algonquin blood that makes her timid," the chiefs would say. "But it will make her easy to manage when we have given her to a brave."

The victory of the Mohawks over the Mohegans determined them to offer their captives as sacrifices to their god of war, Aikensol. They prepared for the death dance. The women and children were formed into a circle to witness the tortures which invariably preceded such sacrifices. Tegakwitha broke from them and hid in the ravine which held her spring.

**First Glimpse of Civilization.**

The following morning, in further celebration of the victory, Tegakwitha's uncle gave her in betrothal to a young buck who had distinguished himself in the battle and at the death feast of the Mohegans. This was a mere formality, but it struck terror into the heart of the girl. She was told that she would not have to marry until she was fifteen years old.

"I shall never marry," she told old Anastasia. "I would die, but I would not give myself to one of these men."

Tegakwitha learned all of the arts and crafts of her race. She hunted with the men and she designed their rugs and ornaments. She knew nothing of civilization, but an inherent desire for the beautiful and better things of life filled

her with thirst. She was twelve years old when the Mohawks held another fiendish death feast. Among their victims were some Christians. Again she was forced into a circle of women and children to behold the torturing of the victims.

"I will not watch a man burn," she said, taking her first willful stand against her elders. "It is braver to free a foe than to torture him. It is cowardly to torment something which is helpless."

The Mohawks gasped at this. Then they turned in their drunken frenzy to make sport of her defiance, but her light feet carried her beyond their reach.

Before the fires of their human sacrifices had died away the troops of De Tracy, who had come over from Canada to subdue or annihilate the Mohawks, descended upon them. All of the tribe who could get away sought refuge in the hills from "fire devils," the cannon of the French soldiers. Tegakwitha, who stayed behind to see the manner of the gods and devils who could conquer the proud bravery of her people, watched the French lay in ashes their villages and her own Long House among them. She saw the "blackgown," the chaplain, and the soldiers minister to the wounded and dying. These people, then, did not torture their captives! She drew closer. The soldiers knelt and the "blackgown" prayed. The hills became still and just as daylight was breaking the solemn swell of the "Te Deum" filled the valley. It was the child's first glimpse of civilization.

**Decided She Must Marry.**

The next year three Jesuit missionaries went to Fondra or Auries Creek, where the Mohawks had rebuilt their villages. The old chief absented himself, leaving Tegakwitha to entertain the guests. The impression the girl made upon these cultured Frenchmen is recorded in their letters, which are preserved in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal. They speak of her dignity and the unusual quality of her mind, of the purity of her instinct and the great love and pity she had for her tribe.

It was after the visit of these "blackgowns" that Anastasia revealed to the girl the massacre of Father Jogues and young Rene Goupil, who had come to preach of a God who loved palefaces and red men alike. This massacre had taken place ten years before Tegakwitha's birth. The child was seized with a great desire to know more of this God, but she had been forbidden to seek out the "blackgown" and they had been warned against

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Father Jogues' Statue at Dunwoodie.

coming near her uncle's lodge. This was about the time when she was fifteen years old and her uncle and aunts decided she must marry.

According to the Iroquois laws, Tegakwitha could not be forced to marry, but failing to obey her parents or guardians she could be killed or given in slavery to another tribe. The maid had come to take little pleasure in the festive customs of the Mohawks. She would work and serve her family, care for the old and young, but she declared she would not marry. Here was a sudden development of will power with inherent force to mould its own fate. Sure of her inalienable right to decide for herself in the important question of choosing a husband, she was unconquerable with all the odds against her. She was told that her uncle was getting old and that a strong buck was needed to bring in venison for food and furs for trade.

"I can make the finest belt, the best blankets and moccasins in the tribe," she said. "I will make them and trade them for venison and furs." She said she was too young and that she had no inclination to marry.

Without Tegakwitha's knowledge arrangements were made for her marriage and a plot was laid to trap her. The Iroquois marriage ceremony consisted of the suitor going to the home of the woman in the evening and taking a seat at her side by the fire. By the woman's act of presenting to him, in the presence of the couple's respective families, a piece of wood and a piece of wampum in token that she would keep his fire and render unto him all her goods she became a wife.

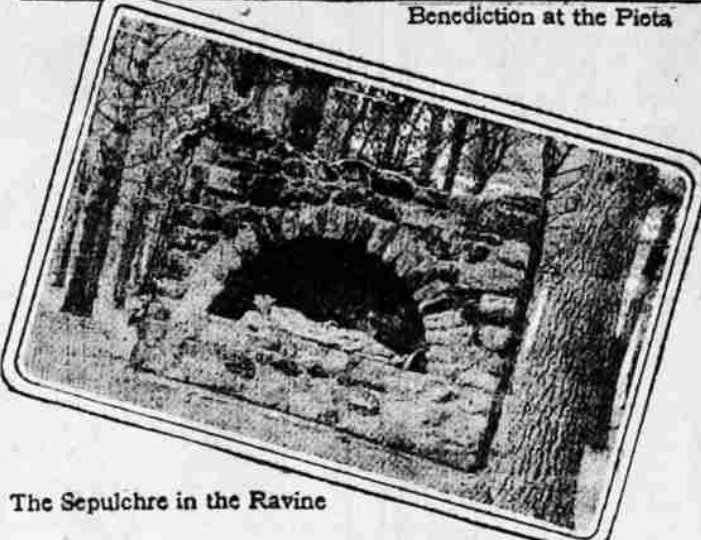
"I am ready to die if need be," she said calmly, making no move to escape or to ward off the impending blow. "My life you can take willingly. My faith is my own in life or death. I fear you not. I fear none of you. The God who gives the sunshine, who drops the rain upon the corn and who cools the water in the spring is near me. I am not afraid."

The man dropped his tomahawk and fled, and Tegakwitha, unmolested, made her way to the mission. Later that day, when the carousal in her uncle's lodge had subsided she returned there and took up her work.

We find this girl next declaring to the chiefs of her tribe that the God of the



Benediction at the Pieta



The Sepulchre in the Ravine

One evening Tegakwitha's aunts dressed her in all the fine garments of her rank as a chieftain's daughter. This aroused no suspicion in her mind, as she was accustomed to being robed in this fashion when distinguished guests were expected. Thus attired, she was sitting by the fire in her uncle's lodge when the chiefs of the various clans and the young brave who had been picked for her mate entered. When the brave had taken a seat by her her uncle asked her to hand the guest a piece of wood. In that instant the meaning of the request and the scene dawned upon her.

With a cry Tegakwitha sprang from her seat and fled the house, running toward the mission of the "blackgowns." She was overtaken near her spring in the ravine.

"I will not go back," she declared. "You may kill me, but you cannot make me marry. I will not."

"blackgowns" was the God of all men, paleface and red, Mohawk and Mohegan. There was protest.

"It is so," insisted Tegakwitha. "The God who gives the sunshine to the Mohawks gives it to the Mohegans also. The rain that falls upon our corn falls upon theirs. The waters that cool us, also to them. The same hand that drives the deer and the moose into our hills drives them into the lands of the Mohegans. There is but one God, my people."

A God in common with their enemy, the Mohegans! This was wrong. This the Mohawks could not accept and they ordered the "blackgowns" away.

Anastasia had gone with a band of Christian Indians into Canada. The priests advised Tegakwitha to follow her there. In 1677, Hot Ashes, an Oneida Indian, who had been the executioner of the pioneer Brehaut, but had since become a Christian, took the maiden and

the Christ which she had brought from Montreal. She asked the tribe to pray with her.

In 1678 the last attempt was made to induce Tegakwitha to marry. There were many Christian Indians who sought her hand and even white settlers, who had come to know the remarkable and lovable qualities of her nature, would have been proud to have called her wife. Father Cholenec, the Canadian historian, urged her to marry for her better protection in the wilderness.

"I have no fear of poverty," Tegakwitha said to him. "So little is required to supply the necessities of this life that my own labor can furnish them. I am not any longer my own. I have given myself to God. It is not possible to change masters. I must serve all of my people."

Tegakwitha was permitted to take the solemn vow of chastity in the Catholic Church on March 25, 1679. She was the first Indian to take this vow. In the spring of 1680, when the corn was being planted, this remarkable girl was taken ill. While she lay in the hut of Anastasia she occupied herself teaching the children lessons of love and right living. The French people of the settlement visited her and brought a physician to treat her. "It would be useless," she told her friends. "My work is done and it is time for me to go. Theresa will help you and the 'blackgowns' will teach you."

A great sadness fell upon the Iroquois. The Indians as one prayed for her recovery.

"Pray that I shall not be forgotten," she asked them. "I will love my people always. I will pray for them in heaven. I will help them."

The Jesuits who maintain a mission at Auriesville in memory of Tegakwitha and the martyred Jogues and Goupil have organized the annual pilgrimages which are made there. It is upon the result of these pilgrimages that the Indians, the Jesuits and the Bishops of Baltimore and Montreal base their claims for the canonization of "The Lily of the Mohawks."

## AMERICA'S CAMEL CORPS.

At one time there were camels in this country—outside of a menagerie. There are still persons living who have seen them wandering over the plains of New Mexico and Arizona, and at least one man who had the privilege of riding behind them.

He is Mr. Truxton Beale, of Washington, D. C., whose father, General Edward F. Beale, persuaded the United States government to import a camel corps for the army transportation service in the newly acquired Southwest.

The idea came to General Beale when he was exploring Death Valley with Kit Carson. He had carried with him a book of travels in China and Tartary, and it occurred to him that with the camel the Arizona desert would become less terrible. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, sympathized with General Beale, and a supply ship sailed, under command of David Dixon Porter, Beale's kinsman, for Tunis, where a herd of camels was purchased.

One died on the way, but the remaining thirty-two of the herd were landed safely at Indianola, Texas. Porter immediately went back for more camels and soon after landed forty-four more on American soil. General Beale took enthusiastic commands of the camel corps. "I would rather undertake the management of twenty camels than of five mules," he wrote to the Secretary of War. They carried one thousand pounds load, made thirty to forty miles a day, and found their own feed over an almost barren country, sometimes going without water for ten days.

But, although the camels proved so useful and were most docile, the ordinary teamsters and mule drivers were afraid of them, and there was a general prejudice against them. Some were permitted to escape from the army posts, where they were herded and some died from neglect.

An army board finally gave the verdict that camels were unfit for transportation, and those that were left of the famous corps were sold under the hammer. General Beale, their faithful friend, bought them and kept them on his ranch, at Tejon, as long as they lived. He learned enough Syrian to talk to his camels, and sometimes when he went from his ranch to Los Angeles, a distance of one hundred miles, he drove a team of camels tandem, to a sulky, taking his little son Truxton with him.

## A NEW GLASS.

M. R. WOLF-BURCKHARDT, a Swedish scientist, announces that he has discovered a new process for improving quartz glass. The new product is known as "elyoxyl" and is especially suited to the manufacture of pipes, tubes, receptacles, flasks and other instruments used in chemistry. Most of the articles used for such purposes have been made of platinum.

Articles made by the new process from electrically fused quartz, because of the low coefficient of expansion, can be subjected to extreme changes of temperature. It is now possible to make articles of large dimension of this glass, such as socket pipes and acid bottles. Vessels holding as much as twenty-five gallons have been made from it.

The new process consists of adding to the raw quartz solutions of oxides of zircon, titanium and other metals difficult to fuse. The resulting mixture gives a transparent, glassy substance which melts at a temperature of 1,750 degrees centigrade. The advantage claimed for this material is that its strength is thirty to fifty per cent greater than "quartz glass," tested by bending, and ten to thirty per cent more tested by pressure.

3,000 Persons Made Pilgrimage to Her Shrine Last Year

About this time Tegakwitha came under the observation of Father de Lambertville, a Jesuit missionary, who recognized the unusual qualities in the girl. He began her education and converted her to Christianity. Her quick wit and fine morality soon began to win her the respect of her tribe. There had been a time when the Iroquois had vaunted the chastity of their women in the breath with which they boasted the bravery of their men in the battle field and their prowess in the hunt. This girl reminded them of all that was good in their past. They became openly proud of her because her will was as strong as the strongest brave. But her purity became a reproach to her tribeswomen and they began to resent her. She had become a Christian; she would not work on Sunday, she was lazy on that day and, therefore, they said, she must have no food when she did not work.

**Taught Christianity.**

Presently Tegakwitha's aunts decided that she must either marry or be condemned to servitude. Marry she would not, she vowed, and the uncle turned her out of the Long House, telling a group of his fellow debauchees that the one who could catch his niece might have her without the formality of marriage. A young man who had long been among her suitors reached her side first and claimed her, but at a look from her turned away. His companions mocked him, and in his drunken fury he raised his tomahawk to strike her.

"I am ready to die if need be," she said calmly, making no move to escape or to ward off the impending blow. "My life you can take willingly. My faith is my own in life or death. I fear you not. I fear none of you. The God who gives the sunshine, who drops the rain upon the corn and who cools the water in the spring is near me. I am not afraid."

The man dropped his tomahawk and fled, and Tegakwitha, unmolested, made her way to the mission. Later that day, when the carousal in her uncle's lodge had subsided she returned there and took up her work.

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some of her followers to Caughnawaga, Canada. Father de Lambertville, writing of her to the Canadian missionaries, said, "I send you a treasure. Guard it well." Tegakwitha attended school in Canada. She studied hard, with the single object in view of returning to reach her people. At Christmas time she was in Montreal, where she witnessed the Noel service and saw a little waxen image of the Christ child. She obtained one of these images and guarded it sacredly. She carried it the following year when she went into the forests with her people on their winter hunting excursion. When she started her adopted sister and old Anastasia urged her again to marry.

"I will not be in this world many years," she answered. "I have much work to do. I belong to all my people. I will never marry."

One evening after three days of hard and unsuccessful hunting, the tribesmen returned to the camp exhausted. One old hunter threw himself upon the first couch of boughs he could find and went to sleep. It was Tegakwitha's bed, but she made no complaint. She sought out Anastasia and sat out the night with the old woman. When morning came the hunter's squaw discovered him in Tegakwitha's lodge. Before awaking him she brought several old women to see for themselves. It was not that the thing they suspected was in itself wrong, according to their standards, but why, they asked, should they listen to the teachings of this girl who was no better than they?

This was in December. Tegakwitha's followers dropped away. The old women of the tribe stayed in their corners and gossiped much. There was new food for gossip when it was observed that Tegakwitha was working on a beautiful box made of delicate skins and fine berries.

"It is for the papoose," the old women said.

**Annual Pilgrimages to Shrine.**

The most reluctant to believe evil of Tegakwitha no longer defended her purity or her teachings. Christmas Day, as nearly as Tegakwitha could fix it, came. The night before she gathered as many of the tribe around the camp fire as would listen to her and told anew the story of the Christ child born in a manger. In the morning she was the first one astride and after the breakfast of meal and venison had been eaten she called everybody to a certain fir tree. Its boughs were bent with snow. She pushed them back and in a natural arbor showed the curious box of women's tongues wagging. It was lined with the choicest pieces of marten skins and in them reposed the waxen image of